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11-18-1943

1943-11-18, Evabel to Jack

Evabel Bell

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1943-11-18, Evabel to Jack

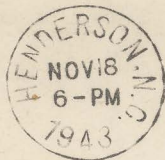
Keywords

U.S.A.; U.S. Soldiers; correspondence; Infantry; postal service; postal stamp; training; women at home; marriage; romance; wife; husband; Henderson, N.C.; motion pictures; Baltimore, MD; food; weather; tobacco;

Identifier

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AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO
NORWICH BARGAIN SHOP
HENDERSON, N. C.



*Mrs J. P. Bell
215 W. 1st St
Henderson, N. C.*

*Pat John P. Bell
78th Sig Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner,
N.C.*

Dearest Darling,

How do you like my "party" yellow pipes? I'm at the ration board and I thought I would dash off a little letter to you.

It's another grand day to-day. Real nice and warm. You could almost go without a coat. But not quite, maybe for somebody as warm blooded as you are but not for anyone like me.

Last night I went to the show with Florence and her mother. I've seen "Action in the North Atlantic" It was pretty good but not as good as I expected.

I stopped in their store in the afternoon and they asked me to go out to supper with them so I went and after that we went to the show. Mr. Norwich went to Baltimore. So the two women are alone. To-night I'm having them over for supper.

Yesterday I did a little job hunting but it seems that because the tobacco has been so bad the stores have been affected by it too. And I've said that new factory hasn't opened up as yet, so I don't have a job yet. Florence said she was going to see what she could do for me. This is some town. In most places they are just crying for help and here they don't even need any. I'll get a job before too long. you just wait and see.

Look sweetie, I haven't gotten any mail from you yet. I hope you didn't get into any trouble on account of Sunday.

It certainly was wonderful though having you there for that extra time.

I haven't gotten any mail for four days and I don't owe anyone any mail. I wish people would be more prompt about writing. But this just teaches me a lesson. All the times I have owed people letters and just kept putting it off.

Darling, have I told you lately how very dear you are to me. You are the most precious thing in the world. And I love you so much that every beat of my heart says "Jack, Jack, Jack" you are part of my heart, soul + body.

I'm sending you a bushel of nice juicy kisses but expect them back by return mail.

your own
Frank

[[Bell Correspondence #32]]

[[Page 1- Envelope]]

[[crossed out "Norwich Bargain Shop" envelope header]]

Mrs. J.P. Bell
215 Horner St.
Henderson, N.C.

[[image- purple three cents U.S. postage stamp]]

[[image- black circle stamp: HENDERSON, N.C. 1943
NOV 18 6- PM]]

Pvt. John P. Bell

78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78

Camp Butner
N.C.

[[Page 2- Letter]]

Dearest Darling,

How do you like my “perty” yellow paper? I’m at the ration board and I thought I would dash off a little letter to you.

It’s another grand day to-day. Real nice and warm. You could almost go with out a coat. But not quite. Maybe for somebody as warm blooded as you are but not for any one like me.

Last night I went to the show with Florence and her mother. We saw “Action in the North Atlantic” it was pretty good but not as good as I expected.

I stopped in their store in the afternoon and they asked me to go out to supper with them so I went and after that we went to the show. Mr. Norwich went to Baltimore. So the two women are alone. To-night I’m having them over for supper.

Yesterday I did a little job hunting but it seems that because the tobacco has been so bad the stores have been affected by it too. And Lee said that new factory hasn’t opened up as yet, so I don’t have a job yet. Florence said she was going to see what she could do for me. This is some town. In most places they are just crying for help and here they don’t even need any. I’ll get a job before too long. You just wait and see.

[[Page 3- Letter]]

Gosh sweetie, I haven't gotten any mail from you yet. I hope you didn't get into any trouble on account of Sunday.

It certainly was wonderful though having you there for that extra time.

I haven't gotten any mail for four days and I don't owe any one any mail. I wish people would be more prompt about writing. But this just teaches me a lesson. All the times I have owed people letters and just kept putting it off.

Darling, have I told you lately how very dear you are to me. You are the most precious thing in the world. And I love you so much that every beat of my heart says "Jack, Jack" you are part of my heart, soul + body.

I'm sending you a bushels of nice juicy kisses but expect them back by return mail.

Your own,
Fink.